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Scoreboard, Baby

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KEN ARMSTRONG & NICK PERRY

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A Story of College Football, Crime, and Complicity

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CONTENTS

List of Illustrations . . vii
Cast of Characters . . ix
Acknowledgments . . xiii

Prologue: Hush-Hush . . 1
1. Freeze . . 7
2. Marie . . 17
3. Fragments . . 20
4. Stirrings . . 29
5. Louisville Slugger . . 41
6. Nothing but Ashes . . 58
7. Face-off . . 64
8. Taking the Field . . 77
9. Happily Ever After . . 83
10. The Twelfth Man . . 102
11. In Hiding . . 109
12. Taking a Pass . . 112
13. Narrowly Honest . . 122
14. Scoreboard, Baby . . 140
15. Carving Their Names . . 151
16. Body and Soul . . 165
17. Up, Down, In, Out . . 172
18. Taking a Shot . . 185
19. A Week in the Life . . 187
20. Love, Love, Love . . 196
21. I Can't Breathe . . 207
22. Story Lines . . 217
23. California Fun . . 228
24. A Mystical, Magical Day . . 245

25. Climbing the Hill . . 260
26. Always Hated, Never Faded . . 272
27. Ripples . . 287
28. When the Game's Over . . 293
Epilogue: All about the Wins . . 311

Notes . . 323
Index . . 367

ILLUSTRATIONS

Following page 174

1. Linebacker Jeremiah Pharms
2. Washington football team Nike glove
3. Fingerprint photo used as evidence
4. Tight end Jerramy Stevens and quarterback Marques Tuiasosopo
5. Sigma Chi fraternity
6. Pi Beta Phi sorority
7. Seattle police detective Maryann Parker
8. Linebacker Anthony Kelley with his family, 2002
9. Safety Curtis Williams
10. Coach Rick Neuheisel
11. University of Washington athletic director Barbara Hedges
12. Husky Stadium, 1920
13. Husky Stadium today
14. Statue of former coach Jim Owens
15. Don James Center
16. Cornerback Anthony Vontoure
17. Mug shot of Jerramy Stevens, 2007

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Players

JEREMIAH PHARMS: A top recruit, he came to the University of Washington (UW) in 1996 from Sacramento, California. A linebacker and a devastating hitter, he hoped to go pro after the 2000 season—assuming he didn't face serious criminal charges first.

JERRAMY STEVENS: A standout tight end from Olympia, Washington, he joined the Huskies in 1997 while facing a felony assault charge. At the UW he wowed professional scouts but repeatedly found trouble off the field.

ANTHONY KELLEY: An outside linebacker, Kelley came to the UW in 1998 from Pasadena, California. Because of his poor academic record in high school, he couldn't play his freshman year.

CURTIS WILLIAMS: When he came to the UW in 1996 from Fresno, California, he was already married and a father. A fifth-year senior in the 2000 season, he played strong safety and anchored the defense.

ANTHONY VONTOURE: A gifted cornerback, he played high school ball with the celebrated De La Salle program in Concord, California. After coming to the UW in 1997, he struggled to keep it together off the field.

Other Players

SAM BLANCHE: A linebacker from Pomona, California, he was good friends with Pharms—and became entangled in a police investigation of his fellow player.

ROCK NELSON: An offensive lineman from north of Seattle, he struggled to play because of a back injury suffered while lifting weights.

J. K. SCOTT: A quarterback from suburban Los Angeles, he never managed to crack the starting lineup. He was Vontoure's roommate their freshman year.

GREG CAROTHERS: Recruited from Helena, Montana, he became a starting safety in 2000 even though he was just a true freshman.

Coaches

RICK NEUHEISEL: At the University of Colorado, he became a head coach at the age of thirty-four. After going 33-14 in four years there, he took over as the UW's head coach in 1999.

TOM WILLIAMS: He coached the outside linebackers, including Anthony Kelley. The team's youngest assistant coach, he had played at Stanford, where Bill Walsh was his mentor.

CHUCK HEATER: He was the cornerbacks coach and the team's recruiting coordinator. One of his players was the troubled and volatile Anthony Vontoure.

DON JAMES: He was the UW's head coach from 1975 to 1992, recording the most wins in school history. His 1991 team went undefeated and won the national championship.

JIM LAMBRIGHT: As the UW's head coach from 1993 to 1998, he recruited Stevens, Williams, Pharms, Vontoure, and Kelley, among many other players on the 2000 team.

University of Washington Administrators

BARBARA HEDGES: The university's athletic director, she came to Washington in 1991 from USC. She hired Neuheisel to run the football program.

ROBERT ARONSON: A law professor, he was the university's faculty athletic representative from 1993 to 2004.

ERIC GODFREY: As financial aid director, he chaired the committee that determined whether an athlete could retain his scholarship. He was later promoted to vice-provost for student life.

RICHARD MCCORMICK: President of the UW from 1995 to 2002, he left Seattle to become president of Rutgers.

MARK EMMERT: A UW alumnus, he became president of the university in 2004. He was previously chancellor at Louisiana State University.

Police

MARYANN PARKER: A detective with the Seattle Police Department's Special Assault Unit, she investigated an alleged rape on Greek Row.

JEFFERY MUDD: A detective with the Seattle Police Department's Gang Crimes Unit, he became the lead investigator when a drug dealer near campus was shot and robbed.

MIKE MAGAN: A celebrated robbery detective with the Seattle Police Department, he helped investigate the case involving the drug dealer. A former football player at the UW, Magan remained close to the team, counseling players and coaches.

Prosecutors

NORM MALENG: Respected for his integrity and nonpartisan approach to law enforcement, he became head of the King County Prosecuting Attorney's Office in 1978 and kept the job for nearly thirty years.

DAN SATTERBERG: He was Maleng's chief deputy, the office's No. 2 position.

MARK LARSON: He was chief of the criminal division in Maleng's office.

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Prologue *Hush-Hush*

September 9, 2000: Miami at Washington, the Season's Second Game

After rolling through the end zone, he stood, military straight, and shot his arms out to each side, his body a cross, his palms up, the football cupped in his left hand. The crowd's love washed over him—74,000 fans, in purple and gold, Microsofties, elementary school teachers, doctors, nurses, students, bankers, Boeing engineers. He pumped his head twice—yes, yes—and hugged his teammates as they jumped into his arms. The stadium siren sounded. Gold pompons waved. "They are hot right now," said the color man, up in the broadcast booth. "Are they ever," said the play-by-play man. The cheers kept coming as more players ran to him, to join the celebration.

The crowd knew what he was accused of, yes. But did that matter now?

Did it matter to ABC, which was broadcasting this game nationally? If it did, the announcers kept it to themselves. Not a word was said of how he had been arrested six weeks before on suspicion of rape. The broadcasters knew about it, of course. Bob Griese knew. Brad Nessler knew. Lynn Swann knew. *Everyone* knew. Jerramy Stevens had been arrested by a SWAT team—and an arrest like that makes the newspapers. But ABC treated the whole thing hush-hush. "A great tight end," Nessler said early on. Then, as Stevens racked up the receptions, the play-by-play man tacked on the praise. "He is some kind of target. . . . The big fella rumbles. . . . Ace in the hole."

Before the game, the crowd had buzzed about how he might be charged any day, about how maybe this time, the county's longtime prosecutor would pull the trigger. In the last two years, the

prosecutor had taken a pass on charging six other players with assault. But maybe this time . . .

From the newspapers, the fans knew a few details. The woman was a freshman. Whatever happened, happened on Greek Row. But for now, the crowd erupted in cheers. A chain saw registers 100 decibels. A Husky crowd hits 135. The stadium rocked. What mattered was that Stevens had scored, putting Washington up 21–3. What mattered was that the Huskies were pounding one of the best teams in the country—and they were doing it on national TV, the broadcast a postcard of the Pacific Northwest, the greens and blues and grays, with glorious shots of Lake Washington, Douglas firs, and Mount Rainier.

The judges in King County knew what mattered. Sentencing one of Stevens's teammates to a month in jail, a judge wrote in her order: "To be served after football season." When another teammate faced a felony charge of assaulting a police officer, a judge released him without bail so that he could play in the next game. Yet another teammate, convicted of T-boning a car in an intersection, sending a woman to the hospital, was sentenced to 150 hours of community service—and allowed to perform every hour at football camps, serving as a role model to younger kids.

In the end zone, the Husky players converged on Stevens, to slap his shoulder pads, to pat his helmet. Two months before, they had turned out for his bond hearing to show their support. Who were they to judge? Innocent until proven guilty. Besides, quite a few had troubles of their own. At least three had warrants out for their arrest. They were playing in front of all these fans while wanted. Another player, a star linebacker, was under investigation by Seattle police—only in his case, the public didn't know. But the DNA results on that bloody fingerprint could be back any time now. Like Stevens, he could be charged any day.

Mike Hunsinger, a season-ticket holder, knew about that linebacker. He knew lots of things the public didn't know. An unimposing man—150 pounds, glasses, a voice more alto than bass—Hunsinger made little impression in a crowd. In Seattle, support

for the University of Washington often becomes a family affair—something passed down—be the family's name Nordstrom, Gates, or Hunsinger. For three generations, the Hunsingers had owned a lumberyard in Seattle. In the 1980s, Mike's father, D.W., joined a group of thirty-four businessmen—bankers, architects, car dealers, beer distributors—who called themselves the "Endorsers," and who took it upon themselves to pad the salary of then-coach Don James with an extra $100,000 a year. They wanted to make James happy, to keep him from being swept away by the NFL or by some other school. Mike's brother Bill gave summer jobs to Husky football players at the family lumberyard. Sometimes, a quarterback and wide receiver would practice routes amid the fir and molding. Of course, the players weren't allowed to operate the saws. Nobody wanted them to get injured.

Instead of selling lumber, Mike had become a lawyer. He had built a successful practice in Seattle, doing high-end civil work, mostly. Still, he managed to do his part for the football program. In Husky Stadium, Hunsinger could look down on the field and pick out clients, past and present. In time, he would represent at least fourteen players on this team, mostly against criminal charges. He would charge each player a few hundred dollars and let him pay over time. Sometimes, he could get prosecutors to drop their charges with a single telephone call.

Washington's head coach, Rick Neuheisel, removed his headset and ran his fingers through his hair. The announcers talked of how he was resurrecting hope in Seattle. Sure, he was only thirty-nine. But he had already emerged as a new kind of coach, a coach for a new century, a gold-banged, rosy-cheeked, guitar-playing friend of the player and the fan, with nicknames like Skippy and Coach Kumbaya. Slick Rick, too. And Rookie. And Sneus—because he was a Sigma Nu, back at UCLA, back when he was a walk-on quarterback who dated all the prettiest girls and who overcame food poisoning to become Rose Bowl MVP. He was Coach Fun Fun Fun. Hear it? It's the Beach Boys, in the background, playing along.

Neuheisel was also a lawyer, which is why he used words like exonerated. *I hope the truth will exonerate you*, he had told Stevens after his arrest. Stevens had the makings of Washington's best tight end ever—and this, at a school known for great tight ends. "Not having him would change who we are," Neuheisel told reporters.

Sportswriters, high up in the press box, could feel the stadium shake, as sound waves crashed into concrete. Ever since his arrival on campus, Stevens had charmed them. Even when he had landed in trouble before, they had assured readers that he'd learned his lesson, that he was a "good-natured giant," that he would be getting the last laugh, you could be sure of that. Then he went and found trouble again.

But really.

Did that matter now?

Bow down to Washington,
Bow down to Washington,
Mighty are the men
Who wear the purple and the gold,
Joyfully we welcome them
Within the victors' fold.

The opening to "Bow Down to Washington,"
the school's fight song

Freeze 1

March 14, 2000: Six Months before the Season Begins

Kerry Sullivan tried to be careful. Sometimes, when customers would telephone, he'd turn them away. Not today, he'd say, or at least not right now. He wanted to space things out. He wanted to avoid heavy traffic. His rule was: Don't push it. A typical house does not have people lined up out front—people who knock, enter, and leave in five minutes, one after the other. If a cop sees that, he'll catch on.

That was one consideration—when to sell. Another consideration was, who to sell to. On occasion, he sold marijuana to UW football players. Sam Blanche, a backup linebacker from California, was a customer. "Sam B" is how Sullivan knew him. Blanche would call maybe once a month and drop by for $40 worth. Another customer was Curtis Williams, a starting safety and one of the team's best players. Everybody knew him as "C.W.," or "C-Dub." But for the most part, Sullivan steered clear of the football team. He figured players, with their high profile, stood a better chance of getting caught and fingering him as their source.

Customers came to Sullivan's home—to apartment 101, in the slate gray house, set back from the street, atop a rise, with a thicket of trees offering some semblance of privacy. Sullivan lived on Twenty-second Avenue Northeast, a block north of the UW campus. Two houses down was Tau Kappa Epsilon, a fraternity that might have been reminiscent of New England—the gabled roof and classic dormers—were it not for the aluminum siding.

Ten months earlier, Sullivan could have gazed upon the TKE house—it was right there, out his kitchen window—and gotten all the warning he needed about dealing with football players. On

back-to-back nights, members of the football team attacked the fraternity, kicking in the front door, smashing out windows, busting up furniture. They had been turned away from a party there—that's what started it all. Not that it took much to get football players and fraternity members sideways with each other. The second night, the football players didn't exactly try to sneak up on anybody. They called ahead of time and said: We're coming to settle this. They arrived after midnight—ten of them, at least—and set upon the house. One Teke was grabbed around the neck and slammed into a wall. Another was hit on the head from behind, then kicked while down. Prosecutors refused to bring felony charges, a result that seemed to suit everybody except some of the Tekes' parents, who complained of athletes getting special treatment and talked of how their kids feared retaliation and didn't want to get the football team in trouble.

That kind of drama, Sullivan would just as soon avoid. Now twenty-four, he had been selling marijuana for about a year. He also went to school, at Seattle Central Community College. His criminal record extended back to his juvenile years and included charges of theft and misdemeanor assault. He had been popped for possession, but not for dealing. The key was to be careful. He had maybe twenty regular customers. Others came his way through campus word of mouth. He charged $40 for an eighth of an ounce—enough, maybe, for seven or eight joints. Bulk rates were cheaper. He was often paid in twenties, which he would fold in half and tuck between his mattress and box springs.

On March 14, 2000—a Tuesday, while the university was on spring break—Sullivan got a call from a football player who'd been a customer for about six months. The player asked if Sullivan would be willing to sell a half ounce to a friend called "J.P." Sure, Sullivan said. Half an hour later, a guy identifying himself as J.P. called, to confirm. No problem, Sullivan said. A half hour after that, J.P. called back. His girlfriend didn't have the $140 he needed for a half ounce, he told Sullivan. Could he buy a $40 bag instead? Sullivan said sure.

Sullivan made a practice of splitting his stash up and moving it around, one day here, another day there. That was another rule: Don't be predictable. On this day, he had a quarter pound of marijuana in his bedroom closet, in a clear plastic bag. He had another half pound in a safe, hidden away in a locked hallway closet. Add it up, and he had about $3,000 worth of marijuana in the apartment.

At about 8 p.m., Jeremiah Pharms showed up at the door, alone. He wore gray sweatpants and a white T-shirt. He looked intimidating—athletic, muscular, with shoulders that could have been quarried. Sullivan took Pharms through the apartment, which he shared with three roommates. Inside was a pool table, with dirty dishes on top. Above the fridge, a poster of Jim Morrison. On the walls, a mishmash homage to desires and aspirations—a drawing of a marijuana leaf, a Heineken label, a photo of a fighter jet, a photo of a woman, smiling, wearing not a lot. Sullivan reached into his bedroom closet and pulled out the bag with a quarter pound of marijuana, worth $1,000 or so. He kept Ziplocs on a desk, next to the closet. While Sullivan measured out an eighth of an ounce, Pharms talked about how he was failing his classes at the UW.

Pharms was twenty-one, and married with kids. He was finishing his fourth year of school at the UW, but he had another year of football eligibility left. The 2000 season would begin in six months. Pharms needed to play—and play well—to improve his standing for the 2001 NFL draft. Football was his future; he'd left himself few other options. But now his grades were so bad that he faced the threat of flunking out. In a land of 1,200 SAT scores and 3.7 GPAs, Pharms was a football mercenary, a guy who arrived ill-equipped for the university's academic demands and who just wanted to get by, to stay eligible, to keep playing, to attract the NFL's notice, and to move on.

Coming out of high school, in Sacramento, Pharms was 6-1, or 6-2 or 6-3 or 6-4, depending upon which newspaper or scouting service you read. He weighed 210 pounds—or 220 or 225 or

227—and ran the forty in 4.5 or 4.55 or 4.6 or 4.62 or 4.65. He bench-pressed 320 pounds. He had 10-inch hands and 32½-inch arms, and if you wanted to know how much he could squat or how high he could jump, those numbers could be obtained, too. He had a thick neck and a soft voice. *Blue Chip Illustrated* named Pharms a prep All-American, calling him the best high school linebacker in the western United States.

In college, Pharms just got bigger and stronger; he weighed 250, bench-pressed 405. He had started every game the last two years, emerging as one of the defense's best players. He sported a tattoo of a pit bull on his arm; his initials ran across his stomach. He refused interviews. "A man of mystery," the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* called him. A fearsome hitter, Pharms roamed the opposing team's backfield. By game's end, he wouldn't have the most tackles. But he would often have the most memorable—the one that jarred the ball loose or elicited gasps from the crowd. Sometimes, in games, he'd lock eyes with an opposing lineman and proceed to urinate, the stream darkening his pants. He did this to intimidate, to make the other guy think he was crazy. Sometimes he'd come off the field so emotional his teammates would see tears. They were thankful they played with him, and not against him.

The transaction with Sullivan lasted only minutes. Pharms paid his $40 and left. Sullivan put the plastic bag back in the closet.

The same night—three hours later, at about eleven—someone knocked at the door of Sullivan's apartment. A roommate, Nick Banchero, went to answer, holding a cup of beer. His girlfriend had left minutes before.

Banchero owned a hardwood-flooring business. He had moved into the apartment two years earlier, after answering a shared-housing ad.

On the other side of the door was a guy with a red jacket and a distinct upper lip, looking at Banchero, saying nothing.

Can I help you? Banchero asked.

A second guy—a big guy, muscular—charged into the apart-

ment, holding a pistol. A black ski mask covered his face. Banchero watched him run toward Sullivan's room. When Banchero looked back, he saw that the man in the red jacket had pulled a gun of his own, a black semiautomatic.

Take whatever you want, Banchero said.

The man in the red jacket still said nothing. He pointed the gun at Banchero's face, from a foot away. He backed him up against a wall, put an index finger to Banchero's lips, and whispered, "Shhh."

Sullivan was on his bed, studying for a calculus exam, when he heard someone yell: "Freeze. Don't turn around. Don't look at me." Sullivan turned around. He saw a masked man with a silver automatic. He jumped up and grabbed for the gun. The two wrestled, then the masked man pulled the pistol away and whipped Sullivan over the head with it. As Sullivan fell back onto the bed, the gunman fired. The bullet sliced through Sullivan's right thigh and thudded into his chest.

The gunman went to Sullivan's closet, grabbed the quarter pound of marijuana, and ran out. Outside Sullivan's room, the masked man tripped over a telephone cord and slammed into a wall, denting it. He fell at Banchero's feet, knocking the beer out of his hands. To Banchero, it looked like the robber cut his hand or maybe his elbow. The robber scrambled out the door, on his hands and knees. The other gunman went with him, and the two disappeared into the night.

Sullivan staggered out of his room. Holding his chest, he managed to get out the words "I've been shot." Banchero grabbed Sullivan and laid him on the pool table, amid all the clutter.

The night had shattered into blood and confusion. Only one bullet had been fired, but Sullivan had been shot in both the leg and the chest. The slug had skimmed his diaphragm and punctured a lung. He had a head wound, too, from being whipped with the gun. Sullivan knew he was hurt bad. Shock eased his pain but not his fear. Lying there, he thought he might die at any moment.

A third roommate was in his room, watching TV. He had heard

the shot, but figured it was a backfire. Banchero called out to him: Charles! Kerry's been shot! Charles came out to help. If someone who's just been shot can be called lucky, then Sullivan was lucky. Charles was a nursing assistant at Harborview Medical Center, Seattle's leading trauma hospital. He applied pressure to Sullivan's chest wound while Banchero called 911.

Detective Mike Magan was at home, sleeping, when he was paged. He called the chief dispatcher at 11:10 p.m. and learned that there had just been a home-invasion robbery on Twenty-second Avenue. One victim had been shot and was being treated by paramedics. Magan called his sergeant. Then he picked him up, at home, and headed for the University District.

Magan was only thirty-seven, but his hair had long since turned gray, and he had already become a mythic figure in police circles. In 1997 the Seattle Police Department named him the North Precinct's Officer of the Year. The Police Guild went one better; Magan's peers voted him Officer of the Year for the whole city.

Back when movies depicted the police as good guys, the typical on-screen detective looked a lot like Magan. Irish, of course. A fourth-generation cop. Talks a big game—and backs it up. When Magan was in the academy, he rubbed some of his fellow recruits the wrong way. They considered him a legend in his own mind. "The story according to Mike," they'd say. But Magan became the real deal. His personnel file, an inch thick with commendations, recounts hunches he played, good-cop bad-cop routines, shootouts with Glocks and Berettas. He kept up with a fleeing car for eight blocks—while riding a bicycle. He talked a guy off the ledge on Christmas Eve. He wrestled a gun away, he drove a little old lady home. He even received letters of praise from defense attorneys. "He did everything correctly," one lawyer wrote to the police chief. "He was careful and polite—even though he had his gun pointed at my client's head."

Magan made his biggest mark taking down bank robbers: the Abe Lincoln Bank Robbers (they dressed as Honest Abe), the Hol-

lywood Robber (he wore wigs and theatrical makeup), the Buck Knife Robber, the Briefcase Bandit, the No Joke Bandit ("This is no joke," he wrote in his notes to tellers). In three years Magan solved eighty-five holdups. He was in a bank, investigating a robbery, when along came another robber, holding the place up. Magan chased him down. While he was driving to an awards luncheon—where he was to be honored for taking down one robber—a call came in, and Magan caught another robber on the way. Once, he bumped shoulders with a guy on a sidewalk, apologized, and stopped cold. He had matched the face with an old FBI flier. "I guess you could say I have a photographic memory," Magan told a newspaper reporter. "But just when there's film in it." In 1999 Magan achieved a special fame peculiar to law enforcement officers: Ann Rule, the nation's premier chronicler of true crime, wrote a book about the Hollywood Robber case and Magan's role in cracking it.

Magan was also an athlete. In the early 1980s he played football at the UW under Coach Don James. Notre Dame had courted him as well, but Magan wanted to wear purple and gold, not green and gold. He was an offensive lineman before a back injury cut his playing days short. Years later, whenever Magan bumped into James, beads of sweat would form on the detective's back: "Because he laid down the law. If you fucked up, you were gone."

As a cop, Magan stayed in touch with the football program. Sometimes he would address the team on staying out of trouble. Sometimes he would just hang out and chat up the players. Jerramy Stevens, he says, "stayed away from me like the plague."

Magan knew Pharms, of course. A year earlier, Magan had even played a role in keeping Pharms on the field. Neuheisel had consulted Magan about some fight involving Pharms, and Magan had checked around and concluded Pharms wasn't at fault. The details about the incident went into a court file, and the whole court file wound up being sealed. The sealing order didn't comply with the legal requirements governing secrecy. But who was to know? Pharms's case simply joined hundreds of other files that had been illegally sealed in King County Superior Court. A newspaper in-

vestigation later found it in a pile of secrecy orders that provided shelter to the prominent and the powerful: doctors, lawyers, bankers, judges, software giants, professional athletes.

By the time Magan arrived at Twenty-second Avenue, it was 11:40 p.m. The Gang Crimes Unit was already there. They'd been in the neighborhood and were first to arrive.

The Gang Crimes detectives had already learned about the two gunmen, the stolen marijuana, the nature of Sullivan's work. And they'd already caught a break. After the shooting, a neighbor had looked out his apartment window and seen two men running north on Twenty-second Avenue. Both jumped into a car and stayed there for about a minute. Then they ran off. One of the men returned within seconds, fumbled around in the car, then ran off again. The neighbor flagged down police when they arrived and pointed them to the car, a white Chrysler LeBaron.

Magan walked around the car. He saw what appeared to be a blood smear on the driver's side door, near the handle. He looked closer and saw what appeared to be a fingerprint in the blood. Through a rear passenger window he saw a glove with blood on it. The glove was gray, with a gold and black Nike swoosh on the back. Magan recognized it. It was the same kind of glove the UW football team wore. He thought the glove might even be unique to the team, an exclusive issue from Nike. Magan took pictures of the car, the blood, the glove. Then he took an envelope and taped it to the car door, so that it covered the blood smear. He wanted to make sure the print wouldn't be destroyed when the car was towed to the police department for processing.

Magan went into the apartment and interviewed Nick Banchero, Sullivan's roommate. Banchero said he didn't know what Sullivan did in his free time, or why anyone would shoot him.

I'm having a real hard time believing you, Magan told Banchero. Looks to me like your roommate sold marijuana and was shot for his stash.

Banchero described what happened—the knock at the door, the gunmen on the other side.

Describe the masked man for me, Magan said.

Linebacker size, Banchero said. Six three, 240 pounds, muscular build.

As the two talked, Banchero said something about "J.P."

What was that? Magan asked.

Oh, nothing, Banchero said.

Magan recognized the initials.

You know Jeremiah Pharms? he asked.

Yeah, I know J.P., Banchero said. But that wasn't him.

When Pharms's name came up, Banchero started acting nervous. Magan thought he was holding back—afraid, maybe, of retaliation. The detective asked him again: You know Pharms?

Yes.

Was the masked man Pharms?

I couldn't tell, Banchero said. The guy was masked and the other guy had a gun at my head.

Magan had been at the scene for only an hour, but he knew who the shooter was, or at least he had a real good idea. The physical description fit. The initials fit. The glove fit. If ever a case begged to be closed—and closed quick—it was this one. Careless robber meets clever cop. This was no whodunit; it was more like a who-he-dun-it-with. Then the case took a turn. Sergeants from the robbery and Gang Crimes units talked it over, and it was decided that Gang Crimes would take the case. They got there first, and, as Magan says, "You catch, you clean." Magan pulled aside the lead detective, an officer named Jeffery Mudd.

Your suspect is going to be Jeremiah Pharms, Magan told Mudd.

Who's that? Mudd asked.

UW linebacker. No. 4. Goes by the initials J.P.

The Gang Crimes detectives processed the apartment. Mudd collected a bloodstained blanket from Sullivan's bed and found $940 under the mattress. But the detectives missed the safe in the locked closet, the one with all the marijuana inside. Sullivan would laugh about that later.

Magan helped out a bit more before moving on. The follow-

ing afternoon, he told the UW's head trainer about the investigation. The shooter might be a football player, Magan said. Let me know if you see any suspicious injuries to an elbow or hand. Magan also talked to the UW's equipment manager, who provided a pair of the team's gloves for comparison. They matched the one found in the car. Nike later confirmed that the glove was custom-made for the UW football team.

Sullivan's luck didn't end with having a roommate who could handle gunshot wounds. The bullet had narrowly missed his liver. If it hadn't, he could well have died. Sullivan spent two and a half days in Harborview before being released. Doctors were unable to remove the bullet. In months and years to come, Sullivan would continue to suffer shortness of breath and an ache deep inside his shoulder.

Within days of the robbery, police collected all kinds of other evidence. Pieced together, it blinked like a neon arrow, pointing to one very large suspect. Sullivan told police he was 90 percent sure the shooter was Pharms. The shooter had the same build, the same thick neck. Sullivan also explained how he moved his stash around—under the bed, in a drawer, hidden away in some corner. But the shooter knew just where to go. That, too, tied in Pharms, since he had been in the bedroom three hours before and watched Sullivan retrieve the bag. When they processed the car used by the robbers, police found an empty gun holster on the floor behind the driver's seat. Police also tracked down the car's owner. The Chrysler belonged to a girlfriend of Pharms.

Police also had forensic evidence, just waiting to be tested. Some criminals leave a fingerprint. Some leave blood. Whoever shot Sullivan appeared to have left both. This case was no CSI candidate; there was nothing whiz bang about it. Somebody eyeballs the fingerprint under a microscope. Somebody else extracts a DNA profile from the blood. They compare the evidence with the suspect, assuming there is a suspect, and in this case there was, thanks to Magan. Now it was up to Detective Mudd to see if Pharms and the physical evidence matched, and to put the case to bed.